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on this occasion, inhumanly summoned before the council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the King; she was committed to prison, whence, after a short restraint and vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated, and restored to her husband and family.

The remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement, in the bosom of her family, and in the education of her children. She is described by Mr. More, in his life of Sir Thomas, as a woman of singular powers and endowments, and as chosen by her father, for her sagacity and prudence, as his friend and confidant. She corrected, by her own discernment, without the assistance of any manuscript, a corruption in St. Cyprian, restoring *nervos severitatis*, for *nisi vos severitatis*, as testified by Pamelion and John Coster. She composed many Latin epistles, poems, and orations, which were dispersed among the learned of her acquaintance. She wrote, in reply to Quintilian, an oration, in the defence of the rich man, whom he accuses of having poisoned, with certain venomous flowers in his garden, the poor man's bees. This performance is said to have rivalled in eloquence the production to which it was in answer. Two declamations were likewise written by her, and translated both by herself and her father, with equal spirit and eloquence, into Latin. She also composed a treatise, "*Of*

*the four last Things*," with so much justness of thought, and strong reasoning, as obliged Sir Thomas to confess a superiority to a discourse in which he was himself employed on the same subject, and which, it is supposed, on that account, he never concluded. The Ecclesiastical history of Eusebius was translated by this lady from the Greek into Latin: its publication was superseded by that of Bishop Christopherson, a celebrated Grecian of that period. This labour of learning was afterwards translated from the Latin into English, by Mary, the daughter of Margaret Roper, who inherited the talents of her mother.

Mrs. Roper, whose learning and genius procured her the respect and admiration of the distinguished characters of her country, and of the age in which she lived, survived her father only nine years: she had been a wife sixteen years, and died in 1544, in her thirty-sixth year. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her; in her arms, as related by some, or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin. She was buried in St. Dunstan's church, in the city of Canterbury, in a vault under a chapel joining to the chancel, the burying-place of the Roper family. Her husband remained a widower thirty-three years after his irreparable loss; when he expired January 4th, 1577, and was interred with his beloved wife.

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#### DETACHED ANECDOTES.

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WINNING BY HALF NECK.  
 "WELL my good friend," said  
 Colonel Mac—to Tattersall,

"have you such a horse as would suit me." "I hope so, Colonel. But what sort of a horse would you like, for

I have a variety, from 1000 guineas to 50." "I know you have, but I am particularly desirous to have a handsome horse, with a *very short neck*." "May I beg to ask the reason of so singular a choice?" "Why, my friend, I will tell you in confidence. You know my relation and attachment to the Prince. I frequently ride out with him: I want a horse so made up, that I may, conveniently to myself, and to the Prince, hold conversation, with our bodies *on the same line*, and without the necessity of *turning*, while at the same time, my horse's *head* shall keep at a proper distance, *behind* that of my master. This I hope you will accomplish for me, my dear Tattersal, and be assured I shall remember the obligation. You may smile, but you do not know how many little forms are *essential* to create a complete courtier."

#### THE POTATO.

It may be called the vegetable *polypus*. There is a vitality, or more truly speaking, a reproductive power in every part of it. Even the rind pared off, and cut into cubes of an inch square, will vegetate and grow into vigorous plants. The embryo plants seem to extend through all the substance. I am told that in the joints of the stalks, there are seeds, which after a year or two, being taken care of, will continue the same sort of potato, without hazard of degenerating, as we find so many different potatoes are apt to do, requiring a frequent return to the great variety contained in the seed itself, of the plant, the store of nature for new varieties. As the roots shoot out in lateral stages, might not *repeated* moulding increase the quantity produced, not satisfied with one or two mouldings.

JEFFERSON AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

Jefferson said,—“I feel no qualification for this distinguished post, but a sincere zeal for all the objects of our institution, and an ardent desire to see knowledge so disseminated through the mass of mankind, that it may at length reach even the extremes of society, beggars and kings.” “May every peasant in the kingdom have a pullet for his pot,” was the wish of Henry IV. of France. “May every man in these countries be able to read his bible,” said George the III.; and, certainly, he never made use of a better sentiment. One great advantage of the new mode of education is, that it has turned the public attention, particularly of the higher classes, to that species of gradual *reform* which consists in the spread of knowledge. It is slow, perhaps, but very sure. It is not merely the excellence, but the novelty of the mode, which gives a stimulus, a new impulse to the general mind on the subject of universal education. The succession of new experiences, like a rotation of crops, may be said to keep the public domain always in heart, which the ancient mode kept up, would have exhausted and rendered effate. There is an opposition raised by those in the trade, just in the same way that mechanics vent their rage against machinery contrived for the abridgment of labour. Just in the same way, that the vaccine inoculation met its first strong antagonists in the interested views, and selfish fears, of a certain class of surgeons and apothecaries. The ingenuity of man has seconded a kind providence in contriving means of averting a mortal distemper, and of preserving the human face (among the fairest of God's works,) from the cruel ravages of a loathsome disease. I consider the Lancasterian school as a vaccination of the human

soul from the contagion of indolence, and incrustation of ignorance. *Lancaster* is the *Jemier* of the mind. Will he receive the same parliamentary reward, for clearing the countenance of human society? "*Feros fructus molire, collendo.*" The vaccinating process has spread through the world in every direction. Will war obstruct the introduction of the Lancasterian school upon the continent? Will the Vice-president of the Board of Trade grant a *licence* for its exportation? It was, I believe, practised in Paris, but not on an extensive scale. Is there no similar experiment tried at present, of this education, *in the large way*, upon the continent of Europe? Inoculation, and this mode of education came, primarily, from the East, the cradle of arts and sciences, but where they have remained so long in the cradle. War obstructs the rapid circulation of beneficial discoveries; not one of its least evils. Joseph Lancaster has been called a vain man. I think so. Howard, also, I remember, and thought he also was a vain man. These men, and all such men, are entitled to be vain. Their minds are concentrated upon one subject, and not being much conversant with others, they are apt to believe all merit is placed in what they exclusively cultivate, and estimate themselves according to the improvement they know they have made in this favourite department. They grow egotistical. Most men are pretty much the same in this self-valuation; and almost all women. "I cannot conceive," said the dancing-master of William Pultney, "I cannot conceive why such a talking is kept about this man? When he was at my school, I never could make the fellow turn out his toes. The world could not make him dance." Sir Isaac Newton was modest, and even diffident; from

most comprehensive knowledge. Joseph Lancaster is a vain man,—Well, be it so—It is a self remuneration. He has, *as yet*, received little other reward. X.

#### VACCINATION.

Have there been any experiments; or if so, have they been made in number and variety sufficient to ascertain, positively, whether the vaccine disease be, in the cow itself, an original, or an adopted complaint. Whether it be an eruptive disease, local, or systematic, *sui generis*, or whether it be the small-pox by some accident or aptitude, introduced into the system of the animal, and rendered milder by this transmission, and fit for the purpose of re-inoculation into the human economy. Would it not be proper to try, again and again, whether the virus of the variola or small-pox can be introduced, by inoculation, into the cow. Perhaps, if eruptive complaints could be thus transmitted, and mildened by communication, it might present a field of discovery, which might lessen the ill humanity is heir to. Might not even the PLAGUE itself, be thus diluted, or edulcorated by transmission through the system of that animal which the Indians call "blessed;" and thus, by re-inoculation into the human system, operate as a preservative, at least *for some time*; the operation to be repeated as often as found from experience to be necessary.\*

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\* "It has been frequently remarked at Constantinople, that domestic animals were not exempt from the plague. They are, indeed, less susceptible than man, of being attacked by it; and it is scarcely but in the years when the disorder shews itself with all its intenseness that it makes ravages among them. Several intelligent persons assured me, that dogs, in every case, escaped in greater number than man from this disease, and that they had, like him,

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The vaccine proving a security against the variolous infection, may seem to prove it probable that they are rather varieties of the same disease, than of different kinds. It appears a law, that the system is insusceptible of a repetition of the same morbid action; and were the morbid actions different, it is scarcely to be imagined how the vaccine should become so perfect a preservative from the variolous virus. An inoculation from the varicella, or swine-pock, or chicken-pock, will not secure from the attack of the variola, or small-pock; but the vaccination has that effect, and this seems to argue an identity of character in these diseases, although there be a distinction in several other particulars. If the variolous, and vaccine be really, as is generally supposed, of totally different natures, there is, in the discovery that one disease may prove an effectual preventative through life, of another disease, and that other a far more dangerous one, there is a wide field opened for medical experiment—a field, as yet unlaboured. X.

## CANTON OF BERNE.

Great disturbances having arisen at Berne, in consequence of the struggle between the Catholics and the Protestants, the magistrates of an adjacent town gave orders "That no one should speak either well or

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buboes, the suppuration of which was more or less abundant." *Oliver's Travels.*

Might not an inoculation from one of these buboes produce a *mitigated disease*, that in its propagation, would, as it were, subdue the more malignant type, and at least prove a preservative, *for a certain period*, the length of which might be ascertained by experience? Might not the periodical visitation of the plague, be, in this manner, warded off, and its nature be at the same time transmuted, to advantage of the *human race*.

ill of God, under pain of their severest displeasure!"

## TEA.

"The solace of the weary, and the cordial of the sick: the enlivener of gaiety, and the soother of care; it ministers to the comfort of the college, and the refinement of the palace; uniting the rich and the poor, and the sexes together, by the bland assimilation of habit!"—A beautiful sentence, extracted from the *Morning Chronicle*.

## HOSPITAL REGISTER.

Let the Register consist of three tables. The first specifying the number of patients, admitted, cured, relieved, discharged or dead. The second, the several diseases of the patients, with their events. The third, the sexes, ages, and occupations of the patients. The ages should be reduced into classes, and the Tables adapted to the four divisions of the year. By such an institution, the increase or decrease of sickness: the attack, progress, and cessation of epidemics; the comparative healthiness of different situations, climates, and seasons; the influence of particular trades and manufactures, on health and life, with many other curious circumstances, not more interesting to physicians than to the community, would be ascertained with sufficient precision, a clearer insight would be gained into the comparative success of hospital and private practice, and the causes of the difference would be more clearly known. The inbred disease of Hospitals, from air necessarily contaminated, has never yet been properly and perseveringly attended to, notwithstanding all the modern discoveries of chemists and physicians.

## MRS. ....

Equal in her temper, and warm only in her friendly and family attachments; gay, without affectation;

lively, without levity; and grave without melancholy. She is economical, without meanness; polite, without affectation; and generous, without ostentation.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF NOVELS.

A writer in the *Athenæum*, a periodical publication, recommends novels to be arranged according to the botanical system of Linnæus. Monandria Monogynia is the usual class, most novels having one hero and one heroine. Sir Charles Grandison is Monandria Digynia. Those in which the families of the lovers are at variance, may be called Dicoecious. The Cryprogamia are very numerous; so are the Polygamia. Where the lady is in doubt which to chuse of her lovers, the tale is to be classed under the Icosandria. Where the party hesitates between love and duty: or avarice, or ambition, Didynamia. Many are poisonous; few of any use; and far the greater part are annuals.

#### POWER OF THE CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Some idea may be formed of the power and tyranny of the priesthood, in the middle ages, from the following extraordinary occurrence

Theodosius, one of the greatest and most powerful of the Roman Emperors, having committed an offence, incurred the displeasure of the Church. To all his prayers and entreaties for pardon, St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, was deaf and inexorable. Nothing short of public confession and penance could satisfy that zealous and haughty prelate; to perform which the Emperor at length reluctantly consented. Here the world beheld a novel and interesting spectacle. The Emperor of the Roman world, divested of the imperial purple, stood several days in the cathedral of Milan, bare-headed, and covered with sack-cloth, imploring with sighs and tears, the pardon of his sins, which he at length

obtained, and was re-admitted into the bosom of the Church. M.\*

#### ASCETIC FANATICISM.

The monastic establishments originated in Egypt. Antony, a zealous and devout enthusiast, was the first who retired from the world, A.D. 305, and devoted himself to the service of God. The contagion spread so widely and rapidly, that in A.D. 359, there were upwards of 50,000 persons spread over the plains and deserts of Egypt, who lived a recluse and solitary life; and who had renounced all connexion with the world.

Simon Stylites, a zealous fanatic, carried this enthusiastic spirit to an extreme degree. His disciples and followers were termed Anchorites. In the third and fourth centuries, many thousands of these deluded wretches renounced society and civilization, and voluntarily embraced a wild and savage life. Innumerable multitudes grazed like beasts in the plains of Mesopotamia, their bodies being entirely naked, and oppressed and confined by an insupportable load of heavy crosses and chains.

Yet, such were the mistaken ideas entertained in those barbarous times, that these deluded fanatics were styled saints and martyrs; and were regarded with the most profound awe and veneration. M.

#### IGNORANCE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

Nothing can afford us a more strong or convincing proof of the universal darkness and ignorance which prevailed in the middle ages, than the following most extraordinary fact. In the year A.D. 500, the two Emperors who governed the Roman world, were so illiterate, as to be both ignorant of the alphabet!!

M.

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\* The anecdotes marked M. were communicated by our correspondent *Marcellus*.

SEVERITY OF PUNISHMENT FOR LESS  
OFFENCES LEADS TO THE COMMISSION  
OF GREAT CRIMES.

"I was once present" (says Gilbert Wakefield,) "at the execution of a man of undaunted firmness, and (saving this action of robbing a traveller of a few shillings, without insult or ill-usage, under the seduction of an hardened accomplice;) of an unexceptionable character. Hecubed without bravado, and without obduracy; under a due sense of his awful situation; with the magnanimity of an hero: despising that merciless, and unequal sentence which had brought him to this sad condition. 'Had I known,' says he, 'that I

should have suffered *thus* for that offence, I would not have so easily been taken!' He was a man of Herculean strength, and capable of destroying half a dozen constables, before he could have been secured."

*Life of Wakefield, v. 1, p. 313—315.*

MOTTO OF A GOOD CITIZEN.

"Under the government of laws, what is the motto of a good citizen? *To obey punctually, and to censure freely.*"\*

*Bentham's Fragments of Government.*

\* See the motto in the title-page of this volume.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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### A BORDER-BALLAD.

**L**OCK the door, Lariston, Lion of Liddesdale!  
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;  
The Armstrongs are flying, the widows are crying,  
The Castleton's burning, and Oliver's gone.  
Lock the door, Lariston, high on the weather-gleam  
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky;  
Yeomen, and Carbinier—Bilman, and Halbadier;  
Fierce is the forage, and war is the cry.  
Newcastle brandishes high his proud scymetar,  
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;  
Ridley, and Howard there—Wandal, and Windermere,  
Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.  
Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston,  
Why does the joy-candle beam in thine eye?  
Thou bold border-ranger, beware of thy danger,  
Thy foes are relentless, determin'd, and nigh.  
—Little know'st thou of our moss-troopers might,

Linhope, and Sorby true:—Sandhope, and Heilbourne too,  
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight.  
I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Radburne, and Netherbie,  
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array:  
Come all Northumberland, Teesdale, and Cumberland,  
Here at the Breaken-tower shall end the fray.  
Scowl'd the broad Sun o'er the links of green Liddesdale,  
Red as the beacon-light, tipt by the wold,  
Many a martial eye nurr'd the morning sky,  
And never more op'd on his orbit of gold:  
Shrill was the bugle's note—dreadful the warrior's shout!  
Lances and halberts in splinters were borne,  
Helmet and Hauberth then, brav'd the Claymore in vain,  
Buckler and armet in shivers were torn;  
See how they wave the proud files of the Windermere,  
Howard, all woe to thy hopes of the day;  
Hear the wide welkin rend, while the Scots shouts ascend,  
Elliott of Lariston, Elliott for aye!

L.